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A SPRINGFIELD EDITOR.—Max Manning, home correspondent of the Springfield Republican, furnishes the following description of Sam. Bowles, editor of that paper. Those who enjoy the personal acquaintance of Mr. Bowles will appreciate the picture:—

I first saw Mr. Bowles at a singing school. He was singing a bass solo, with magnificent effect. It made a strong impression upon my mind, for the organist who was accompanying him was overcome by enthusiasm, and lifting his hands from the keys, applauded him. I shall never forget the good natured surprise with which the performer turned around, and regarded the organist at the close of his effort. "Boy," said he, "boy, what's the price of putty?" This carelessness of praise entirely won upon my feelings. But how does he look? That is the question the ladies ask, of course. Well, he is a man not far from six feet high, and weighs, I should judge, about 200 pounds. I should say that he looks young for a man forty-five years old, though I am told that he is on the shady side of fifty. He has a mild blue eye, an aquiline nose, and sports a gray, military whisker. Without positive dandyism, he dresses in faultless taste, and would be a noticeable man anywhere. As you will judge, he is very fond of music, and I am told that he will leave his labors, at any time, when a hand organ strikes up its air under the editorial window. If he has no pennies in his pocket, he throws out anything that comes first, sometimes taking a pan of dirty water, or a brick; articles without the slightest value to the musician, and only appreciated by him as an expression of gratitude. He is a good liver, and is excessively fond of red herrings, dainties which not only grace his table, but which he carries around in a box, and passes off as plug tobacco.

INTERFERENCE WITH THE ARRANGEMENTS.—In Newark, N. J., on Tuesday night, a gentleman from Philadelphia was married to a New Jersey lady, and after the ceremonies the happy couple and a few acquaintances enjoyed an entertainment at a friend's house. About 1 o'clock the ladies retired, and the gentlemen indulged in a little boisterous hilarity, in the midst of which a watchman made his appearance, and procuring aid, marched the gentlemen all to the watchhouse, where they remained until morning. The feelings of the lonely bride may be imagined but not described. The Newark Advertiser says the parties are respectable, and that the watchmen were not justified in their action.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt made her last appearance in public in London on the 18th ult. The performance was the Messiah, for the benefit of the Nightingale fund. It took place at Exeter Hall, which was completely filled, and the receipts amounted to £1,872 6 5, (about \$9,000.) The expenses amounted to £517 13s. (over \$2,600.) notwithstanding which, Mrs. Goldschmidt paid over to the fund the whole receipts, and paid the expenses from her own pocket. The amount of expenses speaks little for the liberality of her assistants, while her own liberality shows her appreciation of the services of one of her own sex in the benevolent enterprise in which Miss Nightingale is engaged.

Although a printer may be setting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveler [or at least his hand is.] A good printer will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance traveled by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are, and returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance, each day, of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and, in a year, leaving out Sundays, the member travels about 3,000 miles.

The London Chronicle of March 31, says:—A Great experiment, attended with the most satisfactory results, was tried a few days ago at Vincennes, in the presence of General Lahitte and the officers of the fort. The secret of compressing and governing electricity is at length discovered, and that power may therefore now be considered as the sole motive power henceforward to be used. A small mortar was fired by the inventor at the rate of a hundred shots a minute—without flashing, smoke or noise. The same power can, it seems, be adapted to every system of mechanical invention, and is destined entirely to supersede steam, requiring neither machinery nor combustible. A vessel propelled by this power is said to skim the water like a bird, and to fear neither storm nor hurricane. The inventor had already petitioned for a line of steamers from L'Orient to Norfolk, in the United States, which passage he promises to accomplish in eight and forty hours!

COTTON SEED OIL.—The proprietors of one of the Cincinnati oil mills have commenced the manufacture of oil from cotton seed imported from Memphis. Cotton seed oil is also made to some extent in New Orleans and some other places; but a hundred tons of oil goes to waste in the seed where there is one pint manufactured and saved. Cotton seed weighs more than three times as much as the lint, and is as rich in oil as sunflower seed, which it resembles very much in its general appearance.

Five hundred dollars fine per day is imposed by a city ordinance in San Francisco upon the owners of houses who rent them to disreputable women.

A not very gallant writer of the present day says that crotchet work is the art of seeming to be employed for a long time, and of producing a result of the least possible value; an invention by which young girls, fancying they are doing something useful and elegant, are induced to fritter away all the hours they might devote to improving their minds and making themselves agreeable companions.

To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious successful tradesman of humble origin observed—"You, my friend, are proud of your descent. I am proud of my ascent."

ANTIQUITY OF COW TALK.—"Koh! koh! koh!" ejaculates the milkmaid when she calls her cow. It is somewhat remarkable that the Persians, more than two thousand years ago, used the very same word, for the same purpose—to call their "moolies."

Scotland was the scene of a most terrible snow-storm in 1791, which is the most extraordinary one of which there is any record. In one single night snow fell to the depth of eight or ten feet, and in some places the most lofty trees were entirely covered. By this one night's storm seventeen shepherds lost their lives, and thousands of sheep, besides other animals, were destroyed.

The egg fever is now raging at its highest heat. Scores upon scores are brought into town daily. Scarcely have the hens ceased their cackelations, ere the eggs are barrelled, labelled and on their way east, to pamper the fastidious taste of some lank, long-coupled epicure.

About one hundred barrels have already been shipped from this place, and the cry is still they come. Last year, in thirty-three days from the first of April, there were shipped from this market two thousand five hundred dollars worth of eggs alone. This year it will not be behind that figure. Can any of our neighbors compete with us in this line?—[Findlay Companion.]

Kossuth is at present living at London, earning what he can by his pen. How would it do to issue Kossuth bonds, as was the case in this country, when the velvety Hungarian raised over \$50,000.

The jury in the trial of Samuel Sly, widow Wakeman, and Thankful Hersey, for the murder of Justus W. Matthews, returned a verdict of not guilty on the sole ground of insanity. The parties were all tried on one indictment. The result was generally anticipated.

ADVERTISING.—Go it strong when you advertise. Business is like architecture—its best supporters are full columns.

The Detroit Free Press, of 12th inst. says:—The notes of the Bank of Tecumseh were thrown out yesterday by the banks and brokers of this city. They had been received for some time past by the former, somewhat charily, on the strength of their redemption at this point. The concern having failed to keep its redemption account good, its issues are at once discredited, of course.

A miser is a miser all over. Who ever knew one to have a large appetite or a large family? Misers carry their stinginess even to domestic happiness, and would sooner indulge in a horse laugh than in a plenteous table and fat babies. The men who worship money the most are generally those who need it the least.

UNDER THE FIFTH RIB.—The Pennsylvanian, a Buchanan paper, thus compliments President Pierce:

"All the democratic papers in the land, with a sea of ink to back them, would not be able successfully to defend Franklin Pierce from some of his outrageous acts, not yet made public."

A Washington correspondent of the Boston Courier says there is a movement to bring forward Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, as the democratic candidate for the presidency.

FRUIT TREES KILLED.—We are informed by Mr. A. G. Desellem, that all the fruit trees in the neighborhood of Port Homer, have been killed by the frost. Of twelve hundred choice apple trees Mr. Desellem has lost at least eight hundred; and the fine orchard of W. H. Wallace, adjoining, is in much the same condition. The pear trees of Mr. D. were also killed. The same fate has also overtaken the fruit trees on the Virginia side of the river. The young trees are not so badly damaged as the older ones.—[Steubenville Herald.]

MORE ABOUT THE FRUIT.—The Peora Republican of Saturday evening states that at the lowest calculation one-third, and many think one-half, of the fruit trees in that section of the country, have been killed by the severe cold of the past winter. Many of the most valuable varieties of the apple tree have been ruined, including some that were previously supposed to be particularly hardy. Peach trees are generally killed, and other fruit suffers immensely. This state of things will render fruit unusually dear the ensuing season.

A new salt company, composed of Virginia and Kentucky capitalists, is organized at Kanawha Salines, with a capital of about \$300,000; the manufacturers receive twenty per cent.

While some laborers on a railroad near Toronto, C. W., were engaged last week in excavating, they came to a petrified coffin, in which was the perfect form of a petrified Indian.

A lady in Lansing from the effects of poison contained in some maple sugar, of which she had partaken. It is supposed the poison was imparted to the sugar by boiling it in a brass kettle.